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SUMMER ISSUE No. 34

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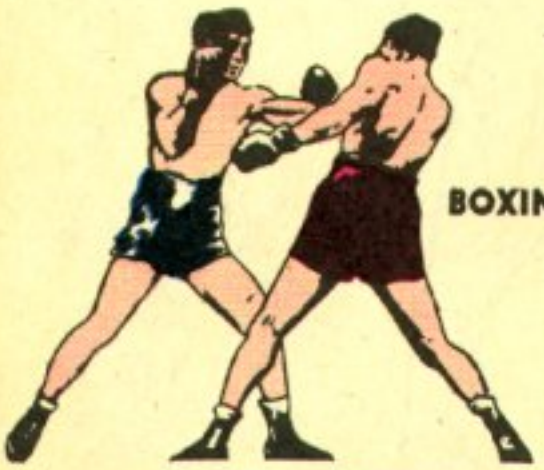

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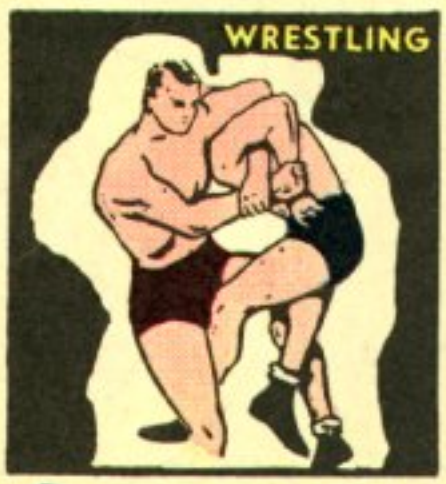
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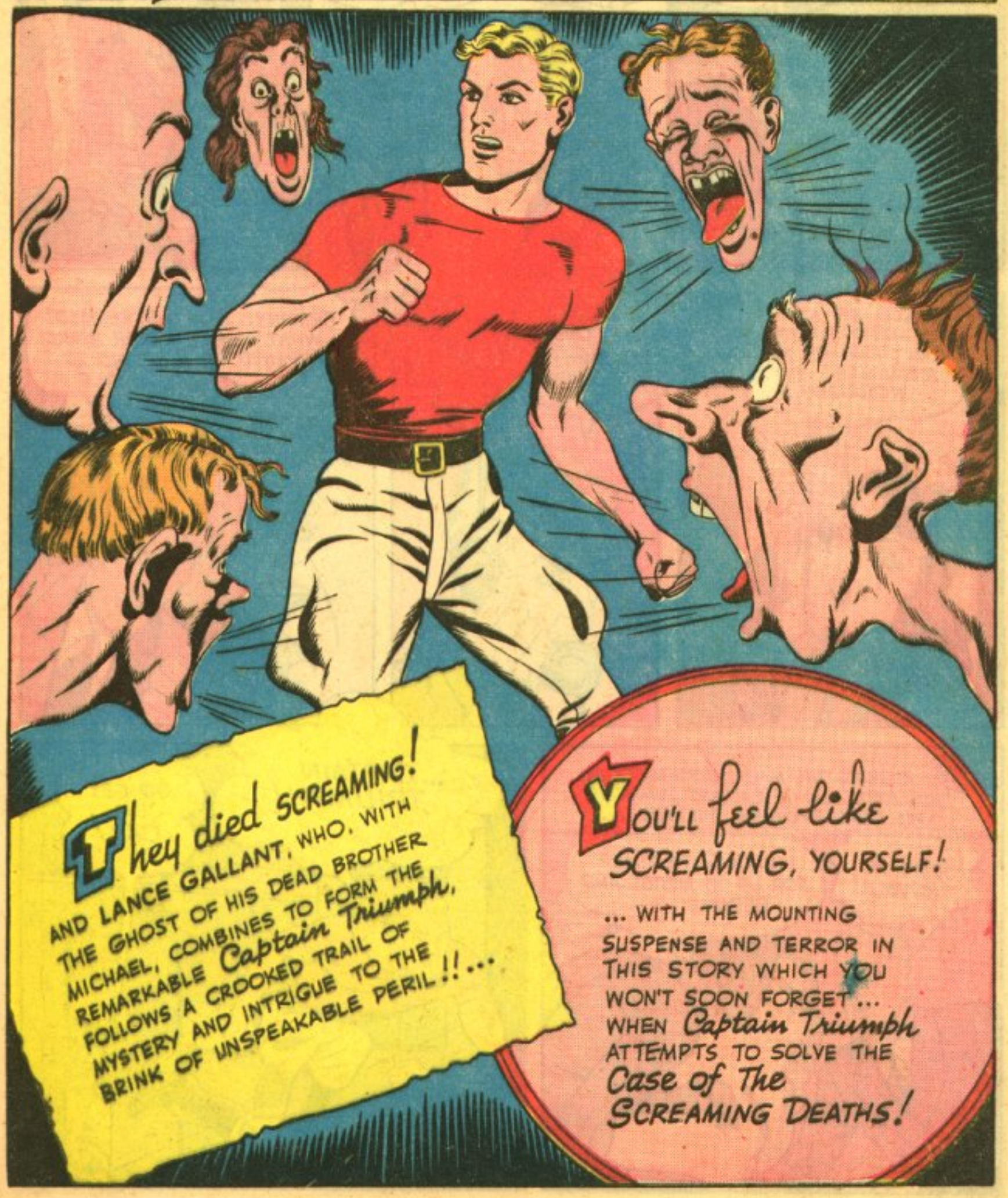
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# Captain TRIUMPH



HI, LANCE! I HOPE KIM'S IN THE KITCHEN GETTING DINNER! I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A WOLF!

KIM LEFT!... SHE HAD A PHONE CALL FROM AN OLD FAMILY FRIEND!

FINE THING! I GET AN INVITE TO DINNER ... SO I DON'T EAT ALL DAY... AND NOW THERE'S NO DINNER!

KIM WILL BE BACK! ... SHE WENT TO THE AIRPORT TO SEE A DR. MARION! HE SAID IT WAS URGENT!

WHAT'S MORE URGENT THAN EATING?

THIS IS PROBABLY KIM NOW!

R-RING-G-G!

LANCE, I'M AT THE AIRPORT NOW! I CAN'T FIND DR. MARION ANYWHERE! I'M WORRIED!...

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! SIT TIGHT, KIM, AND...

AAAAAAAA!

CRIMINY! WHAT HAPPENED ??

KIM SCREAMED! I NEVER HEARD A SOUND SO TERRIBLE IN ALL MY LIFE!

BY RUBBING THE MAGIC BIRTHMARK ON HIS WRIST, LANCE GALLANT SUMMONS HIS DEAD BROTHER, MICHAEL ....

KIM'S IN TROUBLE!

I KNOW! IT'S TIME FOR US TO MERGE AND BECOME .....

...CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

GO GET 'EM, CAP!

HERE'S THE AIRPORT! ... STRANGE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY ACTIVITY!

AIRWAYS BUILDING

GUARD! HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE?...

HE'S DEAD! HE LOOKS AS IF HE DIED SCREAMING IN AGONY!

I BROKE ALL SPEED RECORDS GETTING HERE, CAP! DID YOU FIND KIM?

KIM'S DISAPPEARED! THERE ISN'T A LIVING SOUL AT THE AIRPORT! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

DEAD? BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KIM?

SHE MAY BE DEAD, TOO! BIFF, I SWEAR I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I FIND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

GOOD DAY TO YOU, GENTLEMEN! MY NAME IS RAVEN!

YOU'RE ALIVE!... THEN MAYBE YOU KNOW WHAT GHASTLY THING HAPPENED HERE!

YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR FRIEND AGAIN? SHE IS VERY LOVELY ... BUT I WOULD BE WILLING TO TRADE HER LIFE FOR SOMETHING YOU POSSESS!

YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS? ... I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY IF YOU DON'T TELL!

COME, NOW! VIOLENCE WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING! I'LL TRADE YOU THE GIRL FOR THE DOCUMENTS SHE ENTRUSTED TO YOUR CARE!

YOU MUST BE CRAZY!... I HAVEN'T ANY DOCUMENTS!

STRANGELY, I BELIEVE YOU! YOU ARE NOT THE TYPE TO GAMBLE WITH HER LIFE! SO I MUST BE LEAVING NOW!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! I'LL PULVERIZE HIM!

THAT'S A GRENADE FASTENED INSIDE HIS HAT! ... ONE STEP, AND HE'D PULL THE RING-PIN AND BLOW YOU TO ETERNITY!

EXACTLY! ... I WOULD BE KILLED, TOO, OF COURSE! BUT I AM WILLING TO SACRIFICE MY LIFE -- AND YOU OBVIOUSLY ARE NOT! FAREWELL, GENTLEMEN!

THERE HE GOES! WHY DIDN'T YOU GET HIM? HE COULDN'T HURT YOU WITH THAT GRENADE!

BUT HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU!

BESIDES, HE KNOWS WHERE KIM MAY BE FOUND! I'LL LET HIM LEAD ME TO HER!

GOSH!... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

RAVEN'S HEADING TOWARD THAT WINDMILL!

I'LL FIND KIM FIRST! THEN I'LL ATTEND TO RAVEN!

THE FOOL! HE THOUGHT HE COULD OUTWIT RAVEN!

WHAT'S THAT?

BOOM!

THAT SOUND! ... I CAN'T STAND IT!! EEEAAHHHHH!

Some Minutes Later...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH CAME THIS WAY! ... I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAMING NOISE AS I CAME UP THE ROAD!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! ... HE'S DEAD!!

I'LL MURDER THE GUY WHO DID THIS! I'LL TAKE HIM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

OHH!

I HEAR YOU! -- AND I'M COMING AFTER YOU!

HELLLP! PLEASE!!

SO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH GOT EVEN BEFORE HE DIED!

BUT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH DOESN'T USE A GUN!... AND THIS MAN'S BEEN SHOT!

MY NAME -- IS HARVEY -- CHIEF OF GOVERNMENT -- INVENTORS' -- COUNCIL -----

MUST SAVE -- PLANS -- SAMPLE BOMBS --- FIND DR. MARION!...

DEAD!... BOY, I'M CERTAINLY GETTING MY FILL OF CORPSES!!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! ... YOU'RE ALIVE!

HI, BIFF! ... I -- I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO! BECAUSE I FEEL MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE!

ALL I REMEMBER IS A TERRIBLE SCREAM ?!.. THEN I PASSED OUT!... THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I MUST DO!

I REMEMBER! ...KIM'S INSIDE THE WINDMILL!

NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE! I LOOKED ALL OVER THE JOINT! THERE'S NOBODY BUT A CORPSE IN THERE!

WHO IS IT?... RAVEN?

SOME GUY WHO SAID HE WAS HARVEY! -- WORKED FOR THE GOVERNMENT!

ELLISON HARVEY! --HEAD OF THE INVENTORS' COUNCIL WHICH PASSES ON ALL NEW INVENTIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT!

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!... HE WANTED US TO FIND DR. MARION WITH SOME SAMPLE BOMBS! I GUESS HE WAS DELIRIOUS!

DR. MARION SEEMS TO BE THE KEY TO THIS PUZZLE! I'LL FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S CHECKED IN AT THE AIRPORT!

HERE WE GO AGAIN! I'VE SURELY GOTTA TRAVEL TO KEEP UP WITH CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

WHAT ---??!! I'M OUT OF GAS!

AND ME WITH AN "A" RATION CARD! SOME PEOPLE MUST GET ALL THE LUCK --BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NONE LEFT OVER FOR ME!

MEANWHILE, Captain Triumph RETURNS TO THE AIRDROME ...

WHAT A GHASTLY PLACE! ... NOT A SIGN OF LIFE, ANYWHERE.

I DID IT! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT!

A VOICE! SOMEONE *IS* ALIVE HERE!

HOW CAN I EVER FORGIVE MYSELF?

IF YOU'RE THE MURDERER OF ALL THESE PEOPLE, IT'S TOO LATE FOR REGRET!

I'M DR. MARION! I'VE KILLED NOBODY -- BUT IT IS BECAUSE OF ME THAT EVERYONE HERE IS DEAD! THE KILLER WAS TRYING TO GET ME!

YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN!

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, I OPERATED ON ELLISON HARVEY! IT WAS A MINOR OPERATION! BUT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF AN ANAESTHETIC, HARVEY TALKED!

HMMM... AND HE SAID THINGS WHICH HE NORMALLY WOULD NEVER HAVE REVEALED!

HE MENTIONED A NEW INVENTION, INCREDIBLY TERRIBLE IN ITS EFFECTS!... HARVEY SWORE ME TO SECRECY! LATER, WHEN HE DISCOVERED HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER FROM ENEMY AGENTS, HE ENTRUSTED BLUEPRINTS OF THE INVENTION TO ME FOR SAFEKEEPING!

WHERE ARE THESE BLUEPRINTS?

IN THE GREENWARD BANK VAULT! THEY --- AAAAAGHHHHH!

SHOT! -- RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! WHOEVER DID IT PROBABLY OVERHEARD OUR CONVERSATION!

THE BLUEPRINTS WILL BE SAFE IN THAT BANK VAULT! I'LL GET DR. MARION TO A HOSPITAL!

BUT CAPTAIN *TRIUMPH* WOULD NOT BE SO CONFIDENT IF HE COULD SEE ---

I'M FROM THE F.B.I. ... THESE PAPERS WILL IDENTIFY ME!

WHAT CAN THE ARMY DO FOR YOU?

I'LL NEED BLASTING TOOLS AND A DEMOLITION SQUAD WITH SUFFICIENT T.N.T. TO BLOW OPEN A BANK VAULT! THIS IS URGENT AND WE MUST ACT IMMEDIATELY!

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO OPEN THE VAULT SO WE CAN ENTER?

ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES! ... MAY I ASK WHY THIS IS BEING DONE?

THERE ARE CERTAIN VALUABLE PAPERS INSIDE THE VAULT! WE RECEIVED WORD THAT AN ENEMY AGENT PLANTED A BOMB INSIDE THE VAULT TO DESTROY THOSE PAPERS! IT WILL EXPLODE BEFORE THE VAULT CAN BE OPENED BY MEANS OF THE TIME-LOCK!

THERE SHE BLOWS!

BOOM!

... DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A BOMB IN HERE! ... YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

I DON'T THINK SO! I FOUND WHAT I CAME FOR!

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE, MY DEAR, DUMB LIEUTENANT, IN BEING DECEIVED BY MY FORGED IDENTIFICATION PAPERS!

OHHHHHHH!

ZING!

DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO MOVES!

TNT

YOU'D BETTER START SHOOTING, RAVEN, BECAUSE HERE I COME!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!

NOT WITH THAT PEA-SHOOTER!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

THE FUSE CAPS ARE SET ON THAT T.N.T.! ONE WELL PLACED SHOT AND...

YOU DEVIL!! YOU'LL BLOW UP THIS PLACE WITH EVERYONE IN IT!

BANG!

DANGER

T.N.T.

RAVEN'S LAST SHOT EXPLODES THE T.N.T. ... BUT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S BODY ABSORBS THE TREMENDOUS IMPACT!...

BOOM!

YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE ANYONE ELSE TO TRY THAT STUNT! HE MIGHT GET MORE THAN A BAD SHAKING UP!

RAVEN'S IN THAT CAR! HE WON'T ESCAPE!

SOUNDLESSLY, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH ALIGHTS ATOP THE CAR ...

I'LL STICK WITH RAVEN! PERHAPS HE'LL LEAD ME TO KIM!

MEANWHILE, BIFF IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS GASLESS CAR! ...

I'VE PUSHED THIS JALOPY TWO MILES ALREADY! ... WONDER WHEN I'M GONNA REACH A TOWN ---

HEY! LOOK OUT!!

CR-RASH!

BIFF! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WAIT'LL I COUNT MY ARMS AND LEGS!

WHERE'S THAT ☆@#%!! SUNDAY DRIVER?

HE'S GONE!

WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!

THIS IS THE WAY TO TRAVEL! I JUST HOPE YOU DON'T RUN OUTA GAS, TOO!

THE AIRDROME AGAIN! ... I WONDER WHY RAVEN CAME HERE? ...

IN A MOMENT, CAPTAIN *TRIUMPH* HAS HIS ANSWER! A SMALL CABIN PLANE RACES DOWN THE RUNWAY AND INTO THE AIR! ...

RAVEN HAD A PLANE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE AIRDROME!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T MIND CARRYING AN EXTRA PASSENGER!

KIM!

RAVEN KEPT YOU A PRISONER IN THIS PLANE! ... I NEVER GUESSED YOU WERE SO CLOSE BY, ALL THIS TIME!

HE'S A MADMAN! HE KEPT ASKING WHAT I'D DONE WITH THE BLUE-PRINTS DR. MARION GAVE ME! BUT I NEVER SAW ANY BLUEPRINTS!

HE HAS SOME STRANGE NEW WEAPON! HE STOLE SAMPLES OF IT ... BUT HE NEEDS THE BLUEPRINTS TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S MADE!

IT'S SOME KIND OF SONIC-ELECTRIC BOMB! THE VIBRATIONS AFFECT THE NERVES SO THAT ITS VICTIMS SCREAM IN AGONY! ... AND DIE! ... YOU WERE SPARED BECAUSE THE SOUND WAVES DIDN'T PENETRATE THAT BOOTH WHERE YOU WERE PHONING TO ME!

I DIDN'T HEAR YOUR VOICE SCREAMING! IT WAS SOME POOR DEVIL WHO ... WHAT'S THAT?

CLICK!

RAVEN'S LOCKED US IN!

YOU WISHED TO FIND HER, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! NOW YOU DIE TOGETHER!

HA-HA-HA. HA-HA-HA!

STEADY, KIM!!

THERE'S NO WAY OUT! ... WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE, CRASHING IN FLAMES!

FAREWELL, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! IT IS FITTING THAT YOUR DEATH, EVEN AS YOUR LIFE, SHOULD BE SPECTACULAR!

THE DOOR'S THE ONLY WAY OUT! HOLD CLOSE TO ME, SO YOU WON'T GET BURNED! ... READY?

READY!

BLAZING HEAT SMASHES AT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH AS HE BEATS DOWN THE DOOR! ...

WE MADE IT, KIM!

NOT MANY SECONDS TO SPARE, EITHER!

HORRIBLE! TO THINK WE MIGHT STILL HAVE BEEN IN THAT FLAMING COFFIN!

BOOM!

NOW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH RAVEN!

THIS IS ONE TIME YOU WON'T PULL ANYTHING OUT OF YOUR HAT!

HELP!

END OF THE LINE, RAVEN!

OHHH!

THAT'S THE MARK OF A FRANTIC COWARD, RAVEN! YOU KNOW BULLETS WON'T HARM ME!

BANG-BANG!

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING FRANTIC!...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! ... NO! .. DON'T!

BECAUSE THIS IS JUST THE FIRST PAYMENT ON THE DEBT THAT YOU OWE TO AMERICA!

I'LL LET THE COURTS DECIDE HOW SOON YOU PAY THE REST!

HI, CAP! ... I WAS BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT YOU! BUT I CAN SEE THERE WASN'T ANY NEED OF IT!

ONCE AGAIN, THE MAGIC BIRTHMARK DOES ITS WORK!

SO LONG, LANCE! THAT WAS FUN! LOOK AFTER KIM FOR ME, WILL YOU?

YOU BET! GOODBYE, MICHAEL!

Later...

I TALKED TO DR. MARION AT THE HOSPITAL! HE SAYS RAVEN FOUND OUT ABOUT THE SCREAMING BOMB WHILE HE WAS OPERATING ON HARVEY!

RAVEN WAS THE ANESTHETIST!... I GUESSED THAT! ONLY SOMEONE PRESENT AT THE OPERATION COULD HAVE KNOWN!

THIS GUY RAVEN SWIPED A COUPLE OF SAMPLES OF THOSE SCREAMING BOMBS... HEY, LANCE?

RIGHT! HARVEY ORDERED SAMPLES MADE FOR TESTING! BUT THIS WEAPON IS TOO HORRIBLE, EVEN FOR WARFARE, AND HARVEY DECIDED TO DESTROY THE BLUEPRINTS!

I THINK I AGREE WITH HARVEY!...

LANCE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LET'S SAY I MADE THE WORLD SAFE .. FROM A TERROR WORSE THAN ANYTHING ONE CAN IMAGINE! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, KIM!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I—I'M GLAD THIS SECRET WILL NEVER BECOME KNOWN!

THERE'S ANOTHER THRILLING CAPTAIN TRIUMPH STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!

POW! BIFF! BOP! BAM!

# SLAPPY HAPPY PAPPY

OH-OH! PAPPY'S AT IT AGAIN!... DEBATIN' WIF HIZ WIFE!

THET'S WHUT AH LIKES 'BOUT HIM! HIZ ABILITY T'SET DOWN AN' REASON THINGS OUT PEACEFUL LIKE!

THET SETTLES ET!... AH'M GONNA DEEVORCE YUH, PAPPY!

JES' LIKE A FICKLE DAME... STARTS OUT COURTIN' ME, AN' WINDS UP COURT HOUSIN' ME!

COMES DEEVORCE DAY...

... AN' JEDGE... HE BEATS ME UP EVERY DAY!

EXERCISE IS GOOD FER A BODY... 'SPECIALLY REG'LAR EXERCISE!

IN FACT, THEY'S ONLY ONE DAY A WEEK HE DON'T BEAT ME.... THEN HE JUS' SLAPS ME!

SUNDAY, NO DOUBT! ... PAPPY'S A RELIGIOUS MAN!

WHY, HE EVEN HORSEWHIPS ME! ... THE BRUTE!

WHY NOT?... YOU DO THE PLOWIN'... DON'T YOU?... AS EVERY DUTIFUL WIFE SHOULD!

DON'T LISSEN TUH HER, YER ORNERY! ... SHE AIN'T RESPONSIBLE FER WHUT SHE SEZ!

WHY NOT, BROTHER PAPPY?

BECUZ SHE'S OBVIOUSLY PUNCH-DRUNK!

CASE DISMISSED!

# PEN MILLER

By Klaus

IN HIS OWN DETECTIVE DEEDS, *PEN MILLER*, FAMED CARTOONIST, FINDS THE MATERIAL FOR HIS PEN AND INK STORIES....

LETTER FOR YOU, *MIST' MILLER!*

GOOD NEWS, I HOPE!

CAN YOU TIE THAT? "*SWIFTY*" *McGORE* WANTS TO MAKE PEACE! SAYS HE'S GOING STRAIGHT AND WANTS ME TO PHONE HIM TONIGHT AT NINE TO TELL HIM ALL IS FORGIVEN!

LEOPARD ALL SAME NEVER CHANGE SPOTS!!

OH, I DUNNO, *CHOP*... I'M WILLING TO GIVE ALMOST ANYONE A BREAK IF THEY TALK AS IF THEY MEAN IT! ANYWAY, I'LL LAY OFF THIS LATEST STORY ABOUT *SWIFTY* UNTIL I HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM....

THAT NIGHT...

NINE O'CLOCK.. TIME TO GIVE *McGORE* A BUZZ!

HM.. EXCHANGE IS *TARLETON!* THAT'S WAY OUT IN THE SUBURBS... *SWIFTY* MUST BE AT HIS SUMMER PLACE...

YEAH, *PEN*.. I TELL YA I'M ON THE LEVEL! I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT AND THIS TIME I'M NOT KIDDIN'.. ALL I WANT YA TO DO IS LAY OFFA ME IN YOUR STRIPS AN' GIMME A BREAK....

OKAY.. *IF* YOU BEHAVE!

ATTABOY, *PEN!* YOU WON'T BE SORRY.. I'M MAKIN' THIS HERE BUNGALOW O' MINE MY POIMANENT RESIDENCE AN' LIVIN' A QUIET LIFE!

UH HUH... GOOD LUCK,

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT THE APARTMENT OF *JOHN CONROY* UNDERWORLD POLITICO....

*E-E-E-A-A-H-H-H!* IT'S *MR CONROY!* *HE'S BEEN MURDERED!!*

HE'S BEEN DEAD ABOUT THREE HOURS..

WHICH MEANS HE WAS KILLED ABOUT NINE O' CLOCK!

THIS IS *SWIFTY McGORE'S* WORK, INSPECTOR.. HE HAD IT IN FOR *CONROY* SINCE HE WAS CHUCKED OFF THE PAYROLL!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.. THERE'S EVIDENCE IN THESE PAPERS OF THE GRIP *CONROY* HAD ON *McGORE!* AND KNIFING IS *SWIFTY'S* SPECIALTY! WE'LL PICK HIM UP!...

I TELL YA, YOU GUYS ARE ALL NUTS! I WAS OUT AT MY SUMMER PLACE TAKIN' IT EASY ALL NIGHT!

TELL THAT TO YOUR AUNT LULU, *SWIFTY!* C'MON.. *SING OUT BEFORE WE GIVE YOU THE WORKS!!*

LISTEN, WISE GUYS, THERE'S SOMEBODY'LL BACK UP MY ALIBI! YOU ASK *PEN MILLER* WHERE I WAS AT NINE O' CLOCK..

*MILLER?* HA! FAT CHANCE YOU'VE GOT THAT HE'LL COME TO YOUR DEFENSE!

SURE, INSPECTOR.. I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

HULLO, *PEN,* OL' SMELT! AIN'T IT A FACT THAT I'M ON THE UP AN' UP NOW? TELL 'EM, OL' BOY!

WHAT'S ALL THIS EYEWASH?

WELL.. IT'S TRUE THAT HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO REFORM!

*REFORM?* THAT'S A HOT ONE! MAYBE HE MEANT *AFTER* HE KNOCKED OFF *CONROY!*

WHAT TIME DID THIS KILLING TAKE PLACE?

NINE O'CLOCK.. WHAT ABOUT IT?

SIMPLY THAT *SWIFTY* COULDN'T HAVE KILLED *CONROY* AT NINE BECAUSE I CALLED *SWIFTY'S* SUMMER PLACE AND *TALKED* TO HIM.. *AT NINE!*

WHA-?

YOU'RE A PAL, *PEN!* TROUBLE WIT' THESE GUYS IS THEY GOT NO FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE!

HMM.. MAYBE! FIND ANY FINGER-PRINTS ON THE KNIFE, INSPECTOR?

*HAH!* ANYBODY BUT AN AMATEUR WOULD USE GLOVES AND YOU KNOW IT! OKAY.. WE GOTTA LET HIM GO.. BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.. AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR PART IN IT!

SO LONG, BOYS! GOTTA GO HOME AN' WATER ME PETUNIAS!

*THE POLICE SPREAD A DRAGNET....*

WHY PICK ON ME? TRY *SWIFTY McGORE!!*

I NEVER HAD NOTHIN' AGAINST *CONROY!* BUT *SWIFTY McGORE*... *HE* HAD IT IN FOR HIM PLENNY!

SURE LOOKS AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD IS DOWN ON *SWIFTY!*

EVERYBODY BUT *PEN MILLER*... AND I SURE DON'T GET HIS ANGLE!

I'M GOING OUT TO VISIT *McGORE, CHOP*.. I UNDERSTAND HE'S GOT A PRIZE FLOWER GARDEN...

PELHAPS, *MIST' MILLER*. BUT HIM ALL SAME ONE SMELLEE WEED IN GARDEN! AND YOU PICK VELLY STLANGE FLIENDS LATELY!

POLICE

THAT'S *SWIFTY'S* BUNGALOW! FUNNY.. ME BEING IN THE DOGHOUSE AS FAR AS THE POLICE AND *CHOP* ARE CONCERNED.. AND ALL FOR *SWIFTY!* AND I VOUCH FOR HIM BECAUSE OF A PHONE CALL! HMM... THAT PHONE CALL.... I WONDER....

NO ANSWER! GUESS NOBODY'S HOME...

YOU'D THINK A REFORMED CROOK'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO LEAVE WINDOWS UNFASTENED...

NOTHING HERE TO INCRIMINATE HIM... BETTER TRY THE ATTIC...

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS AND THEN QUIT...

WELL!... WHAT DO YOU KNOW..!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, *MILLER!* IT'S THE LAST CHANCE YA'LL EVER HAVE TO USE YOUR GLIMMERS !!

GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU HAVIN' FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE, HEY, *MILLER*?

SO SORRY TO TARNISH YOUR IDEALS, RAT!

*LET 'IM HAVE IT, MIKE!*

BANG BANG

SORRY I CAN'T PLAY YOUR WAY.. I DON'T HAVE A GUN!

AND THIS IS FOR TALKING ME INTO MAKING A SAP OF MYSELF BEFORE THE INSPECTOR!

*MILLER! YOU* BRINGING *SWIFTY* HERE! I.. THOUGHT...

DON'T REMIND ME! BUT I MADE A DISCOVERY, DEVELOPED A THEORY AND GOOD OLD *SWIFTY* HAS ALREADY CONFIRMED IT!

A *WALKIE-TALKIE!* SAME KIND THEY USE IN THE ARMY! YOU SEE, *SWIFTY* INDUCED ME TO PHONE HIM...

*SWIFTY* COUNTED ON ME PHONING PROMPTLY AT NINE! HIS BOY, *MIKE*, TOOK THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK AND GAVE *SWIFTY* THE SIGNAL ON A LITTLE SENDER THEY RIGGED UP....

IN THAT WAY, VIA HIS *WALKIE-TALKIE*, *SWIFTY* WAS ABLE TO CARRY ON A PHONE CONVERSATION WITH ME ONE MINUTE AFTER HE MURDERED *CONROY!*

*PEN*, I TAKE BACK WHAT I WAS THINKING! YOU MAY NOT BE SUCH A DUMB CLUCK AFTER ALL!

THANKS.

# Hack O'Hara

IS YOUR HEART STRONG? ... ARE YOUR NERVES GOOD? ... THEN WE DARE YOU TO SIGNAL HACK O'HARA, NEW YORK'S ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST CABBY, FOR A ONE-WAY Hack-Ride to Hades!

IN NEW YORK'S WEST NINETIES, AN OLD HOME CONCEALS STRANGE FIGURES— AND A SINISTER PARTING OF THE WAYS! ...

... TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, SATAN! IF YOU DON'T WANNA PLAY MY WAY, I'LL SHOW YUH WHAT HAPPENS TO GUYS WHO CROSS CON CONNER!

GET OUT, CONNER! ... YOUR CHEAP THREATS DON'T SCARE ME!

YOU'RE IN IT TOO DEEP TO SQUEAL TO THE POLICE!

I DON'T NEED NO COPS TO WRECK YOUR RACKET, CHISELER! SO LONG...

SLUGGER... CON'S OUT TO MAKE TROUBLE! ... FOLLOW HIM— AND SEE THAT HE DOESN'T! GET ME?

SLAM

I GETCHA, BOSS! HE WON'T MAKE NO TROUBLE!

THAT NIGHT, AS HACK O'HARA STOPS FOR A BITE TO EAT...

HEY, HACK! THERE'S A FARE WAITIN' IN YOUR CAB! I SEEN 'IM SITTIN' THERE!

SWELL, TAG! I CAN USE SOME DOUGH TONIGHT! BE RIGHT OUT!

SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITING, MISTER! IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE ---

WHERE YOU WANT TO GO? EEEYOW! YOU DON'T WANT TO GO! YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN --

A CORPSE IN MY CAB! I'LL -- HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?

Cabby - Satan has claimed me, body and soul. Deliver me to Him at 111 West and collect your fare!

THE NERVE OF SOMEBODY! I'LL YELL FOR A COP! -- AH! WAIT A MINUTE...

CR-RUNCH

COPS'LL TIE ME UP ALL NIGHT — AND NO FARES! I'LL JUST DELIVER THIS, AS THE NOTE SAYS!...

...AND NOTIFY THE COPS AFTER I COLLECT MY FARE!

TAXI

HERE'S THE ADDRESS! AN' IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T ANSWER THE $64 QUESTION, I'LL BEAT BUMPS ALL OVER HIM!

I'LL PRETEND TO PLAY ALONG UNTIL I GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS "SATAN" GAG!

PERFECT! O'HARA'S PLAYING IT JUST LIKE I FIGURED!

KNOCK KNOCK

HI, PAL! TELL SATAN A CORPSE WANTS TO SEE HIM —BUT FAST!

ULP IT'S SLUGGER! —DEAD!

GET THEM BOTH INSIDE! QUICK!

HEY! ... TAKE IT EASY!

QUICK! WHO SENT YOU HERE? WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?

HERE-- THIS NOTE!

HE WAS IN MY CAB WITH THIS! SO YOU OWE ME A BUCK-TWENTY, PAL!

A DOLLAR TWENTY? GIVE IT TO HIM, LEFTY!

WIT' PLEASURE!

DON'T BOTHER!

I'LL JUST HELP MYSELF!

I'M GETTING OUT! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE!..

...AND SEE WHAT THIS SET-UP'S ALL ABOUT BEFORE I CALL A COPPER!

STOP! UH... OOF!

CAN'T STOP! MY BRAKES NEED RE-LINING!

THROUGH STRANGE DOORS INTO A NIGHTMARE SCENE...

SATAN IS ALL-POWERFUL! ACCEPT OUR OFFERINGS!! AWWRRK!

WHAT GOES ON?

TAKE THAT, YOU DEMON DIM-WITS!

RUN! SATAN IS OVERTHROWN! OUR MASTER IS DEFEATED!

PULL UP A TACK AND SIT DOWN, DEV!!

BUT HACK IS OVERPOWERED BY NUMBERS ---

GOT HIM! HOLD HIM!

GOOD! HANG HIM OVER THE FIRE TO ROAST!

I'LL BRING THE SUCKERS BACK TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO SATAN'S ENEMIES!

STICK 'EM UP, YOU GUYS! —OR YOU'LL MEET THE REAL SATAN!

CON CONNOR!

IN THE FLESH! TIE UP THESE MONKEYS, HACK!

WHY WASTE ROPE? THIS IS BETTER—AND MORE FUN!

FIRST TIME I WAS EVER ON THE SIDE OF A RAT LIKE YOU, CON! ... WHAT GIVES!

I TOLD THIS MUG I'D BUST HIS RACKET IF HE DIDN'T CUT ME IN ON A SLICE OF THE DOUGH!

SO YOU PLANTED THE CORPSE IN MY HACK, EH?

SURE, I KNEW YOU, O'HARA--

I KNEW YOU'D COME OUT AND TEAR THE JOINT APART TO COLLECT YOUR FARE! SMART, EH?

PLENTY SMART?

GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS—AND LIE THERE! WISE GUY!

SOK

A SHORT TIME LATER...

STATE PENITEN

BUT I STILL DON'T GET THEIR RACKET, CLANCY!

EASY! THE GUY LOOKED LIKE SATAN, SO HE PERSUADED SUCKERS TO PAY HIM TO GIVE 'EM POWER!

HMM... AND I'M OUT A BUCK, TWENTY ON MY METER!

YEAH? THERE'S A FIVE-GRAND REWARD FOR THESE LUGS-- AN' IT'S YOURS! QUIT KICKING!

FIVE GR-- !! EEEYOW!!

FOR A THRILLING RIDE, HAIL **Hack O'Hara** AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!

# Molly the Model

BOY! BUT I'M TIRED FROM POSING ALL DAY!

WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT A LITTLE SILLY POSIN'?

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU HOLD ONE POSE FOR AN HOUR!

I'VE DONE IT LOTS O' TIMES!

I DON'T MEAN ON A COUCH!

I'LL BET $10 YOU CAN'T POSE LIKE THIS FOR TEN MINUTES!

DID YOU SAY TEN DOLLARS FOR TEN MINUTES?

CONSIDER THAT BET AS ALREADY STARTED!

HMM! I SEE WHERE YOUR LODGE IS HAVING A BIG BLOW-OUT TONIGHT!

...SOMETHING THEY CALL A "SMOKER" WHATEVER THAT IS... A MLLE. FATIMA WILL GIVE AN EGYPTIAN FOLK DANCE... FOLLOWED BY...

FREE FOAMIES AND STEAK SANDWICHES... FUNNY YOU'RE NOT GOING...

THE PUNKS NEVER NOTIFIED ME! I'M BACK IN MY DUES, DANG IT!

POOF! Y'CAN'T BLUFF ME! ... I WOULDN'T BUST THIS POSE TO COME OUT OF A PIE WITH CLEOPATRA!

THEY'RE ALSO OFFERING A $20 DOOR PRIZE!

HOW MUCH?

$20

SO HELP ME ... FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH!

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT $10 BET?

I CAN MAKE TWICE AS MUCH IF I WIN THAT DOOR PRIZE!

AND NOT HAVE TO STAND ON ONE LEG LIKE A SILLY STORK!

ANYWAY, YOUR TEN BUCKS IS ONLY A DOLLAR A MINUTE!

I CAN'T WORK FOR COOLIE WAGES LIKE THAT!

# Molly the Model

MOLLY'S ENTER-TAININ' SOME MODEL FRIENDS TONIGHT, SO I'LL JUST MOSEY OVER TO THE CLUB...

THOUGH THE BOYS ARE KINDA SORE AT ME FOR NOT HAVIN' 'EM UP FOR POKER LATELY!

BUT, SAY!.. IF I WAS TO LET 'EM MEET SOME O' THEM SNOOTY MODELS, THEY'D PROB'LY ELECT ME PRESIDENT!

SORRY, GIRLS... THIS'LL HAVE TO BE JUST A HEN PARTY!

BOY-FRIENDS ARE SCARCER THAN SKI-TROOPS IN THE SUBWAY!

YOU CAN'T HELP THE MAN SHORTAGE!

WHO SAID MAN-SHORTAGE?

WE AIN'T ANTELOPES!

ER... MOLLY... A FEW OF MY FRIENDS PASSING BY, AND...

WOW! SOME PARTY, MALONEY!

AND SOME GIRLS!

YAY!

WHAT HOSTESSES!

WHAT A RELIEF FROM THAT STUFFY CLUB!

TAKE IT EASY, FELLAS! Y'GOTTA BE INTERDUCED AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!.. ACT FORMAL!

BEFORE I BLOW DAT PARTY TO DIS WANNILA ICE CREAM, I'LL SNEAK A SLY PEEK T' SEE HOW IT'S GOIN'!

NEVER MIND THE ICE CREAM, BUMLEIGH!

SURE, MISS MOLLY, I BANE GLAD TO SHOW DESE HERE FALLERS OUT!

WELL, ANYWAY, I TRIED!

# Inkie

G-GOSH!.... MONEY S-SURE IS **UNSTABLE**, THESE DAYS!!

CRIME MARCHES ON!... AND SO DOES OUR LITTLE SELF-CREATED COMIC STRIP CHARACTER - THE ONE AND ONLY *INKIE*! INEVITABLY, THE TWO PATHS CROSS AND... WHEN *INKIE* AND HIS ARTIST, **JACK COLE**, GET MESSED UP WITH SOME BIG-SHOT CRIMINALS -- LOOK OUT FOR THE FIREWORKS!

BEFORE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THIS STORY, YOU HAFTA UNDERSTAND CRIMINALS... SO WE GIVE YOU THREE OF THE WORST! **MUGSY...**

PLEEEEESTA MEECHA!

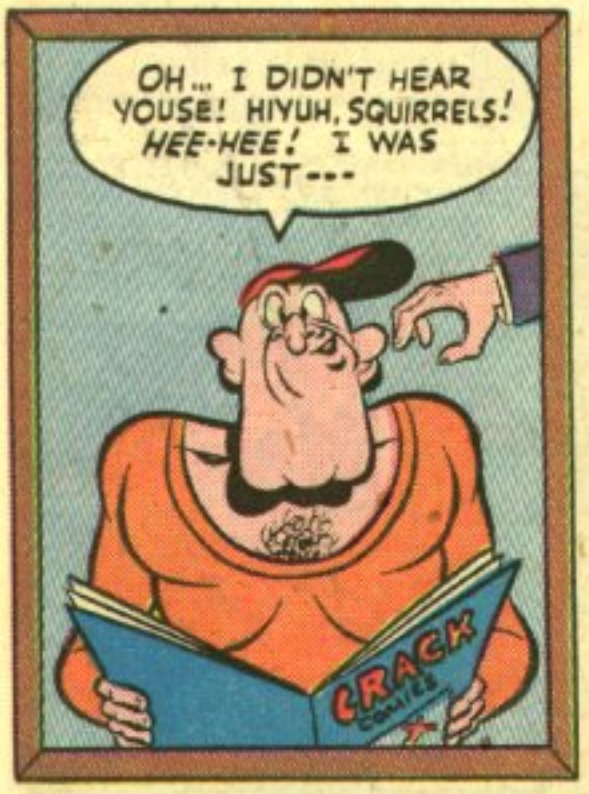
**SLUGSY...**

I T'INK DIS IS A BETTER PITCHER'N DA ONE DEY TOOK AT SING SING! DON'T YOUSE?

AND **BUGSY!!**

HEY, BUGSY! @#$¢&9%*!! WAKE UP!!

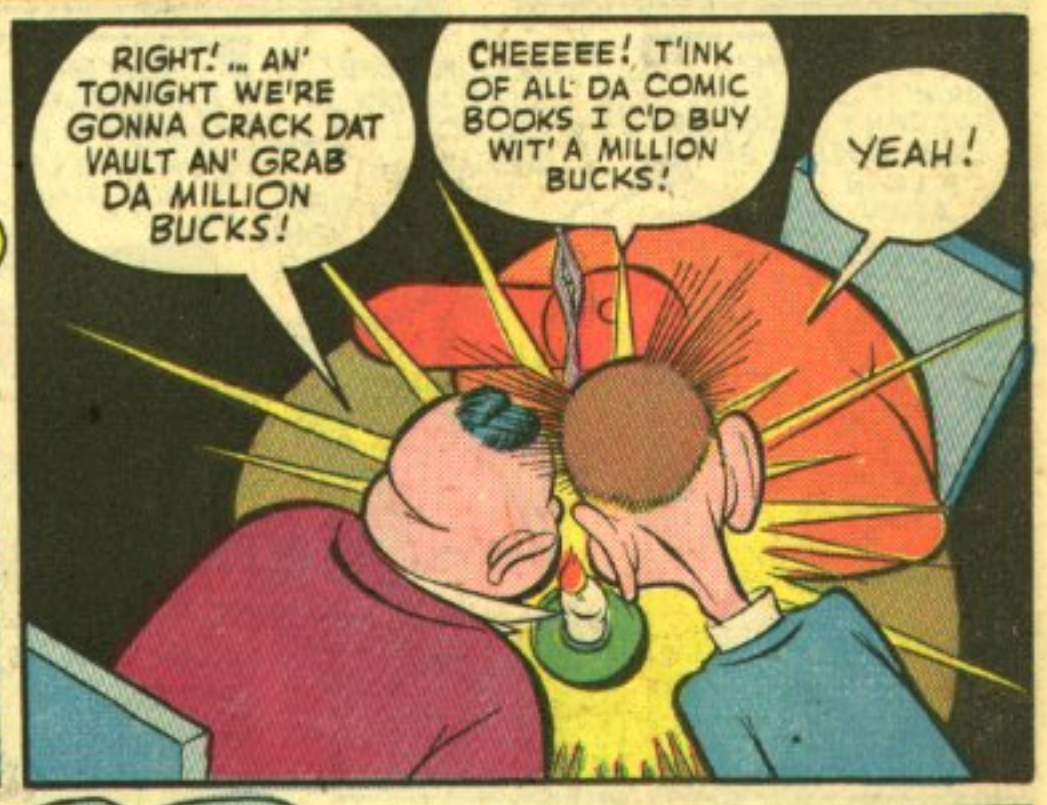
CRACK COMICS


OH... I DIDN'T HEAR YOUSE! HIYUH, SQUIRRELS! HEE-HEE! I WAS JUST---
CRACK COMICS


...LOOKIN' AT MY NEW CRACK COMICS!
CRACK COMICS


YOU AN' DEM COMICS! DEY'RE A MENACE TO CRIME--DAT'S WHAT DEY ARE! NOW, PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT'S COOKIN'!
AW, MUGSY!... RIGHT WHEN BUTCH AN' DA CLOCK GOT SLAUGHTER SLADE CORNERED IN DA HAUNTED HOUSE!
YEAH!


YUH SEE DAT? IT'S A CHALLENGE TO US CROOKS-- DAT'S WHAT IT IS!
"BOIGLER PROOF"? DERE AIN'T NO SUCH T'ING!
YEAH!
DAILY SPLAT
RIVER BANK INSTALLS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT TO GUARD MILLION IN GOLD!


RIGHT! ... AN' TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA CRACK DAT VAULT AN' GRAB DA MILLION BUCKS!
CHEEEEE! T'INK OF ALL DA COMIC BOOKS I C'D BUY WIT' A MILLION BUCKS!
YEAH!


SOUNDS GREAT!
TO JACK COLE:
SUBJECT: THIS STRIP!
Where is INKIE? Readers don't want to wait until the last page to see their favorite hero! Get him in the Story SOONER!
The Editor


NERTS! THESE EDITORS WHO TRY TO CHANGE STORIES! OH, WELL--IF HE WANTS INKIE, HE CAN HAVE HIM!


BUT IT INTERRUPTS A GOOD STORY -- JUST WHEN IT WAS GETTING EXCITING!

THERE! NOW I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!!

INKIE

... OKAY, THEN ... LET'S GET BACK TO OUR THREE RACKETEERS, LATE THAT NIGHT. ( THAT'S WHY IT'S DARK, SEE!) ...

STAN' BACK AN' GIMME ROOM! I GOT SENSITIVE FINGERS! I'LL OPEN DAT CAN BY A SENSE O' TOUCH!

DAT'S DA SPERRIT, SLUGSY, OL' KID, OL' PAL!!

HULLY CHEE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

I DON'T UNNERSTAND IT! I C'N OPEN ANY SAFE -- ALMOST!

OUR PERFESSION'L REPITATION IS AT STAKE! I'LL CRACK IT WIT' DA TOOLS!

DA DOITY RATS!.. MAKIN' IT OUTA STEEL DAT CAN'T BE DRILLED! DERE OUGHTA BE A LAWR AGAIN IT!

IT'S NO USE, BOSS! WE GOTTA LET BUGSY DO IT!

WAKE UP, DOPE! YA GOTTA DO DA JOB! WE GIVE UP!

HUH? OH, YEAH.. SURE!

CRACK COMICS

HOW DAT HACK O'HARA KIN GIT IN DA JAMS HE DOES ALLA TIME!...

NITRO GLYCERINE

HEY! HEY! WATCH IT, STUPID! YA WANNA BLOW UP DA JOINT?

CHEEE!... I AIN'T GOT NO MATCHES, BOSS!

NEITHER HAVE I!

NOR ME!

ALL RIGHT! -- ALL RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER PICTURE OF INKIE! NOW CAN I GET ON WIT' DA --- I MEAN, WITH THE STORY!

INKIE

JACK! GET INKIE INTO THE STORY! EASY.

YOUSE GUYS WAIT DERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WIT' A MATCH!

ZZZ Z-ZZZ ZZZ-Z!

DIS IS LUCK! HEY YOU!

GOT A MATCH YOUSE KIN SPARE, BUDDY?

HO-O-O, HUMMM! SURE, CHUM! TAKE THE BOX!

T'ANKS!

YUH SURE DIS'LL DO IT, BUGSY?

SURE I'M SURE! IT'S IN DA BAG!

TWENNY-A HUNNERT'N FORTY-FOUR... SHUCKS! I CAN'T FIGGER HOW MANY CRACK COMICS A MILLION BUCKS'D BUY!

KERBOOM!

WHAT THE --!?! YOU PIGEON-BRAIN! YOU BLEW UP EVERYT'ING BUT DA VAULT! I OUGHTA BOP YA ONE FER DAT!

HELP ME LOOK FER MY CRACK COMICS!...I DROPPED IT! AN' I WAS JUST READIN' INKIE... ...HEY!!

I GOT A IDEA HOW TO CRACK DAT SAFE!

G'WAN! YOU AN' YER LAMEBRAIN IDEAS!

...AN' BZZZ-ZZ-Z BZ-ZZZ-

HEY, BOSS! YUH KNOW, DAT AIN'T SO DUMB!

SO... A SHORT TIME LATER...

DEADLINES! DEADLINES! IF I DON'T FINISH THIS STRIP BY--- HUH?

AWRIGHT, PEN-PAL! STICK UP DA MITTS AN' COME QUIET!

CUT IT OUT, YOU BIG APES! WHAT'RE YOU SNATCHING ME FOR!

WHAT ---! HEY, YOU! LET JACK ALONE OR I'LL---

INKIE

YEAAA? OR YOU'LL WHAT-- YOU ANIMATED DRIP!

OMIGOSH! INK REMOVER! ONE DROP OF THAT AND I'M A GONER!

CHEEE! IT'S INKIE! JUST LIKE IN DA PITCHERS!

WE GOT USE FER YOU TWO, SEE --AN' YOU BETTER BEHAVE OR IT'S COITAINS FER BOT' OF YOUSE! TELL 'EM, BUGSY!

SURE, BOSS! IT'S DIS WAY, SEE! WE GOT A SAFE NOBODY KIN CRACK, BUT WE GOTTA CRACK IT!

FROM DA OUTSIDE, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT ANYBODY INSIDE COULD UNLOCK IT EASY AS PIE! DAT'S WHERE INKIE COMES IN!

YOU FIEND! YOU SUGGEST THAT INKIE TURN CRIMINAL!

SURE! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS DRAW HIM INSIDE DA VAULT. SEE? DEN HE UNLOCKS IT-- AN' WE HELP OURSELVES! SIMPLE, HUH?

AND IF I REFUSE?

DEN WE USE DIS!

C-CAMEL POISON!

?

CAME POIS

SURE! WE POISON ALL DA CAMELS WIT' IT! DEN DERE'LL BE NO CAMEL'S HAIR FER BRUSHES AN' ALL DA ARTISTS'LL STARVE!

YOU FIEND! YOU HAVE ME IN YOUR POWER! I DARE NOT REFUSE!

JACK! HOW COULD YOU??

I HAVE TO, INKIE! IT'S NOT FOR MYSELF. BUT FOR YOU! YOUR CAREER WOULD BE BLASTED WITHOUT CAMELS! HAIR BRUSHES!

CHEEEEE! AIN'T DEY SEDDIMENTAL?

YOU =GULP= SEE, INKIE! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

I G-GUESS =SOB= YOU'RE RIGHT, JACK!

THTOP, YOU THCOUNDRELTH! WHAT'TH THE MEANING OF THITH?

S

GOSH!... THE BOSS!

JACK! YOU CAN'T DO THITH! INKIE ITH A HERO!... READERTH WOULDN'T THTAND FOR YOUR MAKING A CRIMINAL OUT OF HIM!

BETHIDETH... I FORBID IT!!

AW, SHADDAPP!!

SPLAT!

NOW, VUH LITTLE INK SQUIRT! GET ON DAT DRAWRIN' PAPER --AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY-- SEE!

LET ME ALONE, YOU BIG GORILLA! I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT!

I'LL RUN AWAY FIRST!

COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE @%#%!!!

ZIP

STOP! OR I'LL ---

YEEOW! INK REMOVER!

GULP A NEAR MISS!

NEXT TIME, I'LL BLOT YUH OUT LIKE A DAMP DRIP!

YER CORNERED! DIS IS YER LAST CHANCE! - YUH COMIC STRIP TEASE! GIVE UP OR---

DONT! ANYTHING BUT THE INK REMOVER! I SURRENDER!

DAT'S BETTER! NOW WE'LL GET SOME CO-OPERATION!

SIR! YOU HAVE THE SOUL OF A HEEL!

GOODBYE, JACK! TELL MY READERS I SOB WILL NEVER FORGET THEM!

ONE PHONY MOVE, PAL-- AN' I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

SNIFF, SNIFF!

IF DAT DOOR AIN'T OPEN IN ONE HOUR, PAL -- IT'S COITAINS FER YOUSE!

SOB!

SOB G'BYE!

SNIFF FAREWELL, MY LITTLE FRIEND!

WHAT A FATE! IF I OPEN THE DOOR, I'M A CRIMINAL! IF I REFUSE, I MAY COST JACK HIS LIFE! I CAN'T SACRIFICE HIM...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO SAVE MY HONOR AND JACK'S LIFE!

HOW SIMPLE! I TURN THESE WHEELS -- AND THE VAULT IS UNLOCKED!

THERE! NOW WHEN THE HANDLE IS TURNED FROM OUTSIDE, THE DOOR WILL OPEN TO ADMIT THE THIEVES TO ALL THIS GOLD!

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! PERHAPS I CAN DEFEAT THOSE VILLAINS WITH THEIR OWN BASE GREEDINESS!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

INKIE!! YUH FUGITIVE FROM AN ERASER! ARE YUH DERE? IS DA VAULT OPEN?

I'M HERE! JUST A MINUTE...

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, YOU TURN THE HANDLE AND PULL!

GOLD

OKAY... PULL!

STAND BACK, YOUSE MONKEYS! GIMME ELBOW ROOM!

GOLD!... WE'LL BE UP TO OUR NECKS IN DOUGH NOW, BOSS!

EEEEOWW! YOU WEREN'T KIDDIN!

DAT BRAT! HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US!

EEEOW! HALLLP!

TAKE DAT GOLD OFF!

JACK!

INKIE!

FASTER! WE GOTTA SEE HOW THE BOSS IS!

THE COPS'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE CROOKS!

WRRRRRRRR

POLICE

WHERE ARE THEY? I'LL TEACH THOSE @★#%☆'S NOT TO WRITE STORIES WHERE I GET SLUGGED!

OH, WELL... HE CAN'T SAY WE DIDN'T GET ENOUGH ACTION IN THIS STORY, ANYHOW!

# CARIBBEAN ICE

THE big amphib took time lifting from the water. Then, with its four engines pounding in a bellowing roar, it rose above the palms bordering Biscayne Bay and disappeared into the evening.

Eric Vale, pilot, kept the nose of his ship pointed upward. He was not the regular pilot, he was at the moment pinch-hitting for Ron Langley, veteran Clipper pilot. But Eric had a purpose in taking over the controls of the huge flying boat. He was looking for a band of diamond smugglers which had been operating between South America and Florida for several months.

Eric was, of course, a member of the FBI, and this plan, he thought, would give him a clue as to the identity of the daring "ice" merchants. Not that he had a definite plan; he hadn't.

Since Germany's occupation of Holland, the world's clearing house for diamonds, many famous stones had been secretly shipped to Brazil, and then channeled to other countries, mostly the United States. The Blue Star, for instance, had been secreted out of Rio. The Queen's Crystal was another. The Afrikaner was still another. Nobody had a line on any of them.

Eric Vale had set himself the large task. The people behind the smuggling were unquestionably international thieves, smooth, clever, dangerous, wise to the ways of custom inspectors.

Eric had hired the big Clipper boat. He carried no passengers. He had no particular destination. He was simply on the prowl for thieves.

On a small, mango-covered island in the Caribbean, a group of people sat in a thatched hut discussing a thrilling subject in a foreign tongue.

Mario Lobetti, en ex-rum runner, seemed to be the leader. He was talking now.

"Look, you guys, we've got one of the most valuable sparklers in the world to deliver into the U S A We've been makin' a killin' for a long time deliverin' ice We're goin' to keep on makin' money—"

Portugee Pete was contact man from Rio He had a word to say:

"Yeah Fine. We don't have no trouble down here, but them Yank customs guys is puttin' on the heat. We're run outa hidin' places for th' ice, Boss."

"We'll think of other hidin' places, Portugee," said Mario.

There were five men on the island, excluding Pete. Pete sped back and forth between Rio and the isle in a speedboat. It was only thirty miles Pete made the deals for the diamonds, brought them to the island and Mario's crew worked out the delivery angles They had used many unique stunts to smuggle the gems into the United States. Several unsuspecting persons had carried stones with them without knowing about it. The thieves—another group stationed in Florida—removed the diamonds from the persons—still without them knowing about the transaction.

But the official net was tightening. Inspection now required twice the time it used to. Travelers grumbled at the enforced delays. But Uncle Sam is inexorable. The diamond smugglers must be halted!

And then the first one was caught! J. Arlington Averill, president of the Miami Trust Company, was found to have a huge blue-white stone in his luggage.

"But I tell you," he roared, "this is an outrage. Me—a smuggler! This is a deliberate attempt to besmirch my name!"

But nevertheless J Arlington Averill was held in $50,000 bond, which he posted himself. Of course, the authorities knew he wasn't guilty; the gem had been secreted among his effects for delivery through the customs. It was assumed that men of Averill's standing received lighter inspections.

Mario, back on the island, cursed when he heard of Averill's apprehension, via radio. Of all the stupid, unexpected things! He'd often watched Averill dash through Customs with scarcely a glance by the officers. And now—

"Well, we're out just $40,000," said Mario moodily. "But we'll not gripe. We're bound to miss occasionally."

Eric, flying at 12,000, looked down on the flat, placid expanse of the Caribbean and wondered where he'd start. He dropped lower, down to 3000. Then he saw a man in a small power boat, becalmed, and waving frantically from the cockpit Eric smacked down on the water and taxied close to the craft.

Portugee Pete shouted. "Hey, mister, will you take me in to Rio? Crankshaft busted."

"Okay," said Eric. 'But how—"

"I'll swim," Pete said. He rummaged in the cockpit a moment, then dived overside. In five minutes he was crawling aboard the plane "I'll send a boat back for the launch," he explained "She won't drift far in this calm."

Eric put the Clipper down in Rio Harbor and a boat took them to the wharf.

"Thanks a lot, mister," said Pete, and hurried off into the crowd. Something told Eric to follow the Italian. He had a tough time of it, but managed to keep the little chap in sight. Pete caught a cab and Eric did likewise, directing the driver to follow the other vehicle.

It was a crazy drive, through the slums of Rio's waterfront. But at last Pete's cab halted in a narrow street and he climbed out. He glanced around then

ducked into a corridor. Eric had stopped his cab a half block back. Now he started toward where Pete had vanished.

He crossed the street and hid in a dark doorway After only a few minutes Pete reappeared with a thickset fellow in tow. They stood on the curb for a minute, then a cab came up and they got in.

As they pulled away, he dashed across the street and piled onto the trunk rack behind the cab.

The taxi swung toward the waterfront and after a few miles, stopped before a series of boat houses. Pete and his companion got out. Eric dropped off and slipped around the cab. The two men entered one of the houses.

The cab left, and Eric tried the door. It was locked. Pretty soon he heard the thunder of a power boat's engine. Hurrying around the end of the houses, he saw the two men slip into the harbor, heading across the water. Eric hastened up the street until he found a cab. He directed the driver to the Clipper Bay.

Eric had time to inform the Harbor Police and ask them to speed toward's Pete launch, before he himself hopped into a boat and was taken to the amphib. Pete's launch, he could see, was a good three miles out in the bay. It was doubtful if the slower police boat could overhaul them.

As Eric climbed aboard the Clipper, a man barked, "Stick 'em up, fellow!"

It was Pete.

"What's all this?" Eric asked calmly, lifting his hands.

"You an' me is goin' to Bermuda," Pete said. "An' as I'm in a kinda hurry, we'd better get goin'. No funny business, mister, or else—"

Eric slipped behind the controls and started the engines, all the time covered by Pete's automatic. Then they were soaring up from the water. Bermuda was something of a flight, and there was a storm coming up. That suited Eric. He said, "What happened to your fat pal in the boat?"

"Don't make no difference," Pete replied. "The rest of them rats can go hang. I've got th'—" He caught himself. He'd almost spilled the beans. Eric knew he was a diamond smuggler now.

The storm was getting nearer. It was growing dark and a wind was beginning. Then Eric felt the plane wrench and a violent upheaval of air lifted it half over. Accompanying this was the unmistakable scream of an anti-aircraft shell.

"Wot th'—" began Pete.

Eric fought the controls and slipped on more throttle. Someone was throwing shells at them. Eric began spiralling upward and another shell whistled past, too close for comfort. He snapped on his radio. Rapid Portuguese rattled into the 'phones:

"Come down, or we'll blast you. This is the Rio police!"

So that was it. They thought he was one of the smugglers. He began losing altitude, but Pete sensed the gesture. He poked the gun into Eric's ribs.

"No, you don't! We're goin' to Bermuda. Them's the cops down there shootin'."

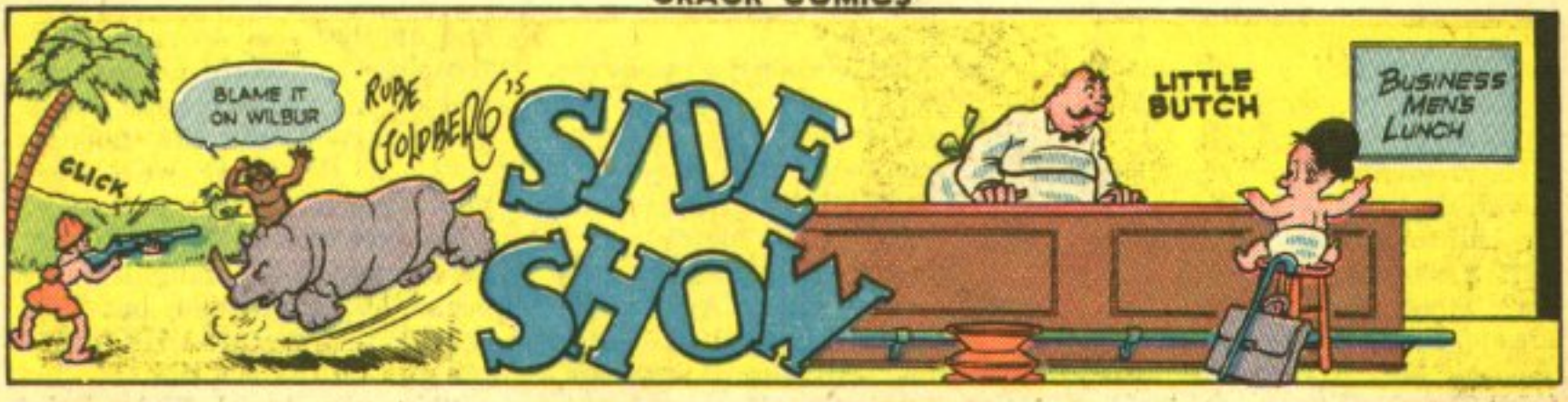
Then Eric did the only thing he could do. He nosed the ship over quickly, hurling Pete into the control panel. The pistol roared and a bullet whistled harmlessly into the cockpit. When Eric righted the plane, Pete lay on the floor with a gash above one eye. He was knocked out.

A minute later Eric had landed near the police boat and officers were coming aboard. They were apologetic. They knew that Eric wasn't one of the band. They knew Pete was aboard, because they had seen him leave the small boat and climb onto the Clipper. They figured that Pete had got the drop on Eric and had forced him to fly somewhere. It was most wonderful that the young Americano had trapped this evil one, Pete. He was the worst crook in Rio.

Pete had a half million dollars worth of diamonds on him.

BE THE PAPER WEIGHT CHAMPION!
COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!
YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS, AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN!
PAPER FIGHTS! JOIN THE SCRAP!

# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW




## TWISTED TALES

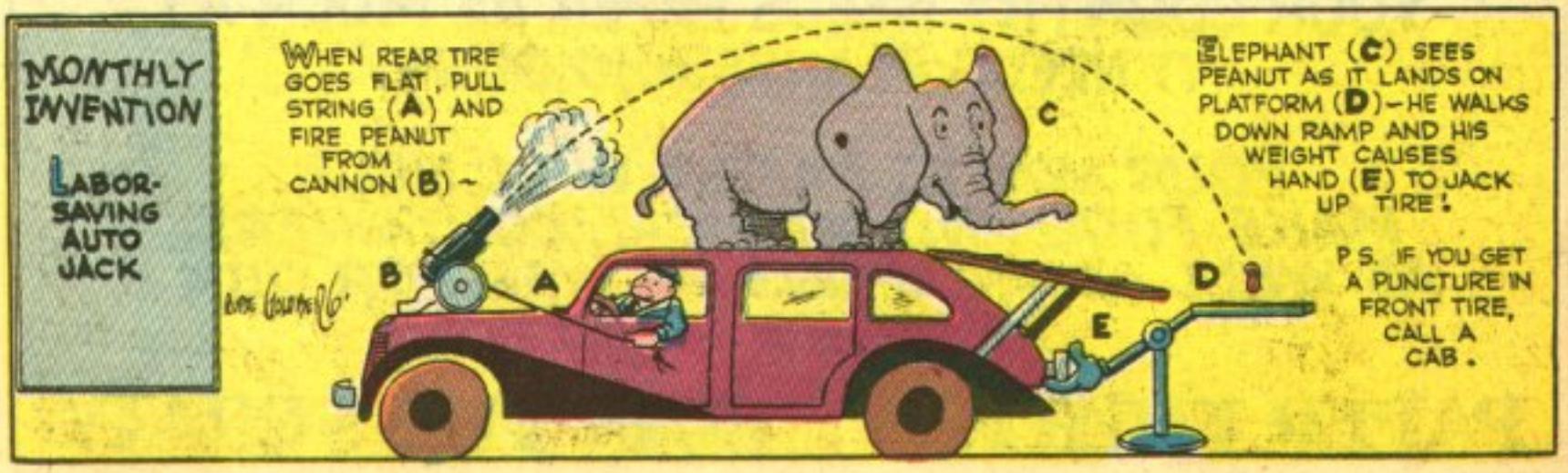



## BRAD & DAD




## MONTHLY INVENTION

### LABOR-SAVING AUTO JACK



# Beezy BUMBLE

LOOK, MA!... NEW NEIGHBORS MOVIN' IN!

LET'S HOPE THE NEW NEIGHBOR CAN'T PUNCH LIKE THE LAST ONE, HUH... PA?

McHAVOC MOVING CO.

AND I'LL BET THAT POOR WOMAN HAS HER HANDS FULL!

SLIP ON YOUR SHOES, PA, AND ASK THAT NEW NEIGHBOR LADY IF THERE ISN'T SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP HER!

I RECALL NO SWARM OF NEIGHBORS RUSHING TO HELP *US* WHEN *WE* MOVED IN!...

JUST THE SAME, IT'S THE NEIGHBORLY THING TO DO!

IF IT WAS A SIN TO RELAX, I'D BE WEARIN' A HALO!

YES'M... MY NAME'S BUMBLE! I'M FROM NEXT DOOR... IF THERE'S ANY LITTLE THING I COULD HELP YOU DO TO GET SETTLED!

MAYHEM AND McHAVOC MOVING CO.

?

YOU'RE SO KIND! ... I'M REALLY ALL SO MIXED UP!

BUT, DEAR, DEAR-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO ASK YOU TO DO ***FIRST!***

WELL, MOVIN' COMPANIES ARE *VERY* TOUGH ON SPRINGS ... S'POSE I FIRST GIVE A GOOD SIT-AND-LAY-DOWN TEST TO ALL YOUR SOFAS AN' STUFF!

FIRST, MR. BUMBLE, I WISH YOU'D CLEAR THOSE OLD CANS OFF THAT TOP SHELF!

MADAM ... NO SOONER SAID THAN ---

DONE!

OOPS! BLASTED BOARD WAS LOOSE!

GOOD HEAVENS, MA'AM --- FORGIVE ME! ... HOW COULD I O'BEEN SO CARELESS?

BUT, WAIT! ... THIS KEROSENE'LL GET THAT PAINT OFF IN NO TIME!

IT'S MIGHTY HANDY HAVIN' A TRIGGER-WITTED, RESOURCEFUL MAN LIKE ME AROUND AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

FIRST, I SWAB OFF THE WORST STAINS LIKE THIS ... NICE AND CAREFUL ... AND THEN ---

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING---

IN ONE SECOND, MA'AM, YOU'LL SEE WHAT I'M DOING, ALL RIGHT!...

OH-OH! HIS HOT CIGAR ASH FALLS!

?!

KEEP PERFECTLY CALM, MA'AM! AND, ABOVE ALL, DON'T GET EXCITED!

JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN! ... FIRST THING TO DO IS SMOTHER THE BLAZE!

THEN STAMP IT OUT COMPLETELY LIKE THIS ---

AND NOW, MADAM, I'LL ROLL YOU OUT! ARE YOU FEELING BETTER? .. ALL RIGHT, I HOPE!

OH, RIGHT IN THE PINK, YOU BLITHERING, BLUNDERING PYRO-MANIACAL ASSASSIN!

OOPS— FAINTED!

I'LL CATCH YA, MA'AM!

GOTCHA!

TIGHT SQUEEZE, MA'AM!

WHAT IN THE ---?

HANDS OFF MY WIFE, YOU HOUSE-BREAKING WOLF -- YOU ---!!

HEAVEN KNOWS, THE WHOLE WORLD'S UPSIDE DOWN, BUT BEFORE I LET A BABOON LIKE YOU WALK IN AND WOO MY WIFE, I'LL ---

I'LL TAKE YOU APART AND TOSS THE PIECES IN THE ASH CAN, YOU POTATO-NOSED APE!

YOU -- AND HOW MANY OTHER SLAP-SILLY STUMBLE-BUMMERS?

STOP! STOP!

AFTER ALL, BOOPLEIGH, HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP ME, IN HIS OWN CLUMSY WAY! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!

THEN HE'S NOT A LOVE-MAD LUNATIC-- BUT MERELY A BLUNDERING BUTTINSKY NEIGHBOR WHO --?

YES, YES-- THAT'S IT, DEAR!

IF YOU'D CARE TO RESUME THIS MATTER OUT IN THE ALLEY--

BUT APOLOGIES AND EXPLANATIONS CALM THE TROUBLED WATERS AND BUMBLE DEPARTS WITH A HEARTY INVITATION TO CALL AGAIN! ...

BAH!

...SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! NOW I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!

WELL, AT LEAST, YOU TRIED!

YEP -- AND THE NEXT TIME I TRY, I HOPE LIGHTNING TAGS ME RIGHT IN THE POCKET BEFORE I BUDGE OFF OUR FRONT PORCH!

MEANWHILE, BEETY, JUST HOME FROM SCHOOL SEES ANOTHER NEW NEIGHBOR ARRIVING NEXT DOOR! ...

WELL, WILL YA LOOKIT WHAT'S MOVED IN?!!

OH, MA! ... NEW NEIGHBORS! ... WOW! -- THAT IS -- I MEAN -- ER -- DON'TCHA THINK IT'D BE SORTA NICE IF ---

IF WHAT?

--IF --IF I WAS TO SORTA MOSEY OVER AN' SEE IF WE COULDN'T BE OF HELP TO 'EM IN SOME SMALL WAY?

NEVER MIND, SON! ... YOUR FATHER'S ALREADY ATTENDED TO THAT LITTLE CHORE!

YEAH -- AND OF ALL THE STUPID, STUFFY PEOPLE...!

MMM...

?

THE ONE I SAW WASN'T SO STUFFY!

OKAY, THEN... BUT I DO KNOW NUTS AND WHACKS WHEN I SEE THEM!

MMM... NEW NEIGHBOR GOING OUT... SEEMS TO BE WAVING AT ME!

NEAR-SIGHTED BUMBLE DOESN'T REALIZE THE LADY IS PLAYFULLY WAVING AND TOSSING KISSES TO HER DAUGHTER NEXT DOOR — AND NOT TO HIM!

SMACK!

SMACK!

HELP! WHAT HAVE I DONE? ... I ABSENT-MINDEDLY THREW A KISS BACK AT THAT WOMAN BEFORE I THOUGHT!

BEING A BIT WHACKY, SHE'S DOUBTLESS WORKED UP SOME SILLY LOVE FOR ME, AND I, LIKE A DOPE, ENCOURAGE HER!

WHY, I COULD SWEAR I SAW THAT IMPOSSIBLE BUMBLE THROW ME A KISS!

FIRST HE TRIES TO PAINT ME, THEN BURN, SMOTHER, AND KNOCK ME FLAT.. AND NOW THE NUT FEELS LIKE FLIRTING!

IT'S BEST THAT THIS THING GOES NO FURTHER... I'D BETTER CONFIDE IN MA, AT ONCE!

..SO... HELP ME, MA! IT'S TRUE! PROBABLY ONE O' THESE MAD LOVE-AT-FIRST SIGHT THINGS YOU HEAR ABOUT!

HMMM... WELL, WITH ALL YOUR OOMPH, WHO COULD BLAME A WOMAN, AFTER ALL?

Later... MRS. BLATHER, THE NEW NEIGHBOR, DEEMS IT BEST TO CONFIDE IN HER HUSBAND, ALSO....

AND WITH EYES AGLOW LIKE SOME LOVE-SICK FAWN, THE LUNATIC THROWS ME A KISS -- THEN DARTS BACK BEHIND A CURTAIN!

OH, COME, NOW, LILY!

I FEAR WE'RE LETTING THIS BUMBLE BUSINESS WORK ON OUR NERVES! ... I'LL ADMIT THINGS STARTED ALL WRONG, BUT, AFTER ALL, WE HAVE TO LIVE NEXT DOOR TO THESE PEOPLE!

SO, LET'S TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS AND TRY TO BE FRIENDLY IN ONE BIG, SWELL BLOW!

?

INVITE THE WHOLE FAMILY OVER TO SUPPER, TOMORROW NIGHT!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT IF YOU SAY SO...

WHY -- EH -- YES, MRS. BLATHER, WE'D BE DELIGHTED!

NEXT EVENING, AT THE BLATHER'S... A CHEERY, CHUMMY LITTLE GROUP FILLS THE AIR WITH GREAT GOBS OF GOOD-WILL AND SWEET, NEIGHBORLY LOVE!...

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO BE GREAT FRIENDS, BUMBLE!

THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE... NEIGHBORS, PALS, BUDDIES... BROTHERS!

I'M SO GLAD I MET YOU, MRS. BUMBLE!

AND FRIDAY, MRS. BLATHER, YOU MUST DINE WITH US!

HONEST? YOU CAN REALLY COOK CREPE SUZETTES?

SURE! I STUDIED IT GOOD IN A MAGAZINE ARTICLE!

LET'S COOK SOME NOW AND SURPRISE THE FOLKS!

SURE DOTTY! GET THE STUFF AND WE'LL HAVE SOME READY IN A PIG'S WHISPER!

FIRST--I LIGHT A NICE LITTLE FIRE HERE -- AND THEN...

BUT BEEZY'S BLAZE FLARES UP AND A BREEZE BLOWS IT ONTO THE WINDOW CURTAIN -- AND...

BRNNNNG!

CLANG CLANG CLANG!

OEEEEEEE...

WELL, THERE'S AT LEAST ONE CONSOLATION! ... NOW WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE...

...TO SOME FAR-OFF PLACE WHERE THERE ARE NO BUMBLES, THANK HEAVENS!

UG-GLUG!

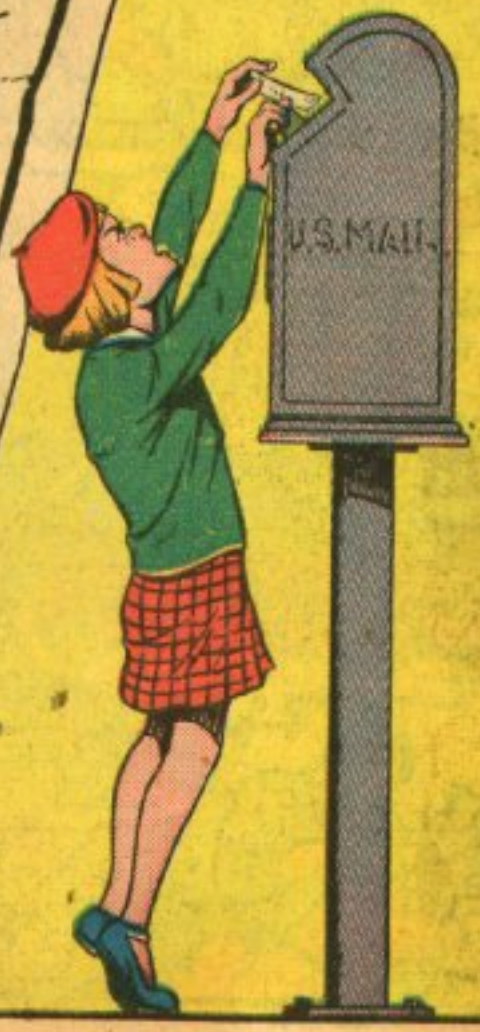
# THE Clock

by GEORGE E. BRENNER

2.

and your ~~boobs~~ ~~fools~~ mail order course garanteed results or my ~~his~~ money back! I praktissed fathefully for a month and I can't do anything you said I could! If I don't get my $1.89 back at ~~#~~ once I will see you loussy scunks for one ~~thousand~~ million dollars! Anser at once or I will put the grat-est detektive in the world on your crooked ~~trail~~ trail! So there!!

Butch



BUTCH! SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!

KNOCK KNOCK

YOU ANSWER IT, WILL YA, BOSS? I'M GIVIN' THIS FIRST LESSON OF MY CORRESPONDENCE COURSE ONE LAST FLING!

WHAT TH'--? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANNA TALK T' BUTCH, SEE!

BUTCH! ONE OF YOUR BOY FRIENDS TO SEE YOU!!

OKAY- I'M COMIN'--

?

WELL, WHADDAYA WANT? I'M BUSY!

:ULP!: A G-GURL-- Y-YOU'RE BUTCH??

YEAH!! WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT, DOPEY??

ER-AH-- HEE-HEE-- HECK, NO---

I JUST-HEH-HEH- WANTED TO--UH- WISH Y-YOU----

?

--A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

SWISH


HEY! IT AIN'T MY BIRTHDAY— AND WHO'S THAT CRACK-POT ??
HAW-HAW-HA! I'LL BET I CAN GUESS-


HE'S ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS FROM BROOKLYN— OH-OH, THE DOOR— ANSWER IT, BUTCH-
KNOCK KNOCK


NOW WHA--? EYOOW! FLOWERS—FOR ME ??


WHAT LOVELY FLOW---? ULP! YOU AGAIN!
YUP! HEH-HEH-HEE!


NOW WHADDA YOU MAKE OUTA THAT SCREWBALL, BOSS ??
SLAM


GEE! IMAGINE ANYBODY SENDIN' ME FLOWERS-
KNOCK KNOCK
HEY! AGAIN— I'LL ANSWER IT!!


WESTERN TELEGRAPH
SINGIN' TELEGRAM FOR BUTCH


I LOOOVE YOOOU! I LOOOOVE YOOOU...
IT'S HIM! LET'S GANG UP ON HIM!!


I LOOVE F... YOORRK!
GOT YOU!


FIRST YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY, THEN A FLORIST'S MESSENGER AND NOW A TELEGRAPH BOY--WHY?
C-CAN I HELP IT IF THERE'S A MAN-POWER SHORTAGE?
HELP!


LISTEN, YOU-HUH?
SAVE ME! HE'S KILLIN' ME!!


SOMEBODY'S IN OUR CLOSET! CAREFUL, BUTCH, WHEN I OPEN IT!


IT'S--EMPTY?
G-GHOSTS! GULP!


HE'S GONE TOO--OHOH!
AGAIN??
KNOCK KNOCK


I'LL FIX HIS WAGON ONCE AND FOR ALL---
WAIT'LL I GET THAT VASE--


GOTCHA!!
SPLAT
SWISH


GEE, MISTER! JUST BECAUSE I'M A FEW MINUTES LATE WIT' YER PAPER------

THAT RATTLEBRAINED ROMEO HAS US SO DIZZY WE BEAT UP THAT POOR NEWSBOY!

BUT GOSH, BOSS - HOW HE MUST LOVE ME?

BUTCH, LOOK! THREE JEWELRY STORES HAVE BEEN ROBBED IN THE PAST TWELVE HOURS!

JEWEL ROBBERIES PUZZLE POLICE.

WOW! YOU MEAN WE GO INTO ACTION, BOSS?

MAYBE! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF MOOSE MANGLE'S MOB - AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT!!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

OHOH! THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN------

DIXON, THE JEWELER, IS BREAKING UP THE LOVLA DIAMOND COLLECTION! THAT'LL BE MANGLE'S NEXT JOB!

IS THAT WHERE WE'RE GOIN'?

AH! HERE THEY ARE-

YES, WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM IN THE ACT, MOOSE IS TOO SLICK FOR ORDINARY STRONG-ARM ROBBERY!

HUH!

PSSST! BUTCH!!

YOU LOOK LOVELY TODAY, BUTCH! SUCH CHARM - SUCH GLAMOR---

B-BOSS, THAT DUMMY -- IT-IT TALKS!!

?

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE POOR ELMER QUIDDLE A BREAK, EH?

OH, HIM--

WELL A GOOD SWIFT KICK, WILL KNOCK YOU OUT OF THAT PHONEY OUTFIT - YOU DON'T FOOL ME!

BUTCH! DON'T---

TAKE THAT, YOU-EEEOWW!

MMMFF!

OY! MINE GOOD 34.95 SOOOT! @ ½ ☼ # ?

TCH-TCH-TCH!

HOP

HOP

HOP

HOP

AW, SHADDUP, AN' PICK ME UP, JOIK!

YIIIKE!

HERE'S DIXON'S! WE'LL PRETEND TO LOOK AT DIAMONDS WHILE WE LOOK THE PLACE OVER!

IF IT WAS ELMER, NOW, I'LL BET HE WOULDN'T PRETENO TO LOOK AT DIAMONDS!

DIXON DIAMONDS

HAH-DO-YOU-DOOOO! SOMETHING, PLEASE?

AH, YES, LET'S SEE SOME DIAMOND RINGS!

CERTAINLY! I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU RIGHT HERE--

A 45 SLUG, IF YA LET OUT A YELP! GET IN TH' BACK ROOM!

UGH!

ULP!!

WHAT A PAIR OF SAPS WE TURNED OUT TO BE, BOSS!

CLAM UP AN' WALK!

SO MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, MOOSE, YOU'RE BEHIND THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES!

RIGHT, AN' YOU, CLOCK, ARE BEHIND DA EIGHT-BALL, HAW-HAW!

HEY, THIS IS DIXON, THE JEWELER, WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM??

GAVE HIM A SHOT OF AMNESIA GAS! WHEN HE WAKES UP HE WON'T EVEN REMEMBER WE WAS HERE OR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS DIAMONDS!

SO THAT'S WHY THERE'S NO CLUES TO THE THEFTS!

BUT FOR YOU AN' TH' KID WE HAVE ANOTHER KIND OF FORGETTER-ONE SLUG AN' YA REMEMBER NOTHIN', GET IT?

OHH, EXCUSE ME--

I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDIN'!

HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? GET OVER WIT' THE OTHERS!

GET DA ROCKS, ITCHY! DEN WE'LL PLUG DESE CHUMPS AN' SCRAM!

HERE THEY AR---AWWRK!

TAKE YER PAWS OFFA ME, JERK!

W-WHO S-SAID DA-DI-DA-D-DAT ?

I DID, YOU BIG APE !

IT T-T-TALKED !

BOSS, WHAT ARE YA WAITIN' FOR-TH' CUSPIDOR TO KICK 'EM ?

NO, BUTCH, YOU DO THAT ! YOU'RE GOOD AT KICKING !

WHAM !

AH, MOOSE'S GUN---

OKAY, BOSS—

YOU AIN'T FOOLIN'--

BOP !

CRACK

AND NOW, ELMER, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS LOVEY-DOVEY VENTRILOQUISM ?

V-VENTRILOQUISM?

HEY, ARE **YOU** THE PRESIDENT OF THE THROW-YOUR-VOICE-ANYWHERE-SCHOOL OF VENTRILOQUISM IN TEN EASY LESSONS, YOU PHONEY !

Y-YUP !

HEY, WHAT IS THIS ?

SO ! I CAN LEARN TO THROW MY VOICE, EH ? GIMME BACK MY BUCK EIGHTY NINE, RIGHT NOW- OR ELSE !

I-I AIN'T GOT IT ON ME - HONEST !

I GET IT! BUTCH BOUGHT YOUR VENTRILOQUISM COURSE AND THEN WANTED HER MONEY BACK! **THAT'S** WHAT SHE KEPT PRACTICING!!

SURE, I WROTE HIM A TOUGH LETTER THAT IF I DIDN'T GET IT, I'D SUE HIM FOR A MILLION BUCKS!

HO-HO-HO! SO ELMER CAME AROUND TO SETTLE THE SUIT, FOUND BUTCH WAS A GIRL AND TRIED TO **ROMANCE** HER OUT OF SUING HIM!

YEP! I'M NOTHIN' BUT A NO-GOOD HEEL TO TRIFLE WITH A GURL'S AFFECTIONS LIKE THAT!

WHY YOU---! SO ALL THAT SWEET TALK WAS JUST TO KEEP ME FROM SUING YOU!

Y-YEP! NOW WAIT--

HOLD IT--

LET'S TALK THIS OVER PEACEABLY--

ELMER DID SAVE US BY MAKING THE DIAMONDS AND THE PICTURE SEEM TO TALK! WE OWE HIM SOMETHING FOR THAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS! I GUESS IT WAS WORTH THE DOUGH I SENT HIM!

WELL ELMER, YOU CAN RELAX NOW--

G-GEE! YA MEAN I DON'T HAFTA MARRY HER AFTER ALL??

BOY! NOW I CAN GO HOME TO MY MATILDA AND THE NINE LITTLE QUIPPLES--- SIGHHHH!

MATILDA? NINE LITTLE QUIPPLES?

YOU TWO-TIMIN' TWERP! THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRIFLE WITH A WOMAN- NOW GET HOME TO YER FAMILY!

SMACK

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